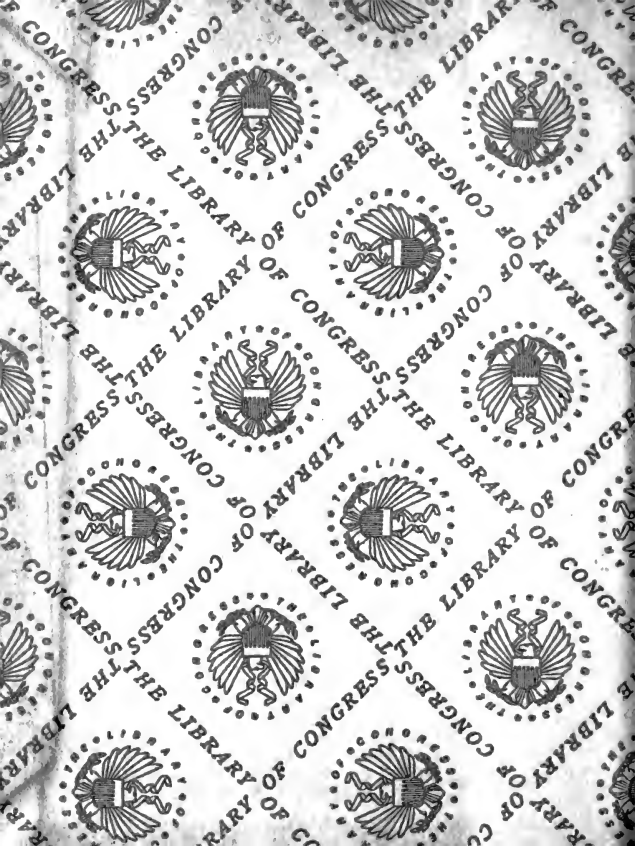
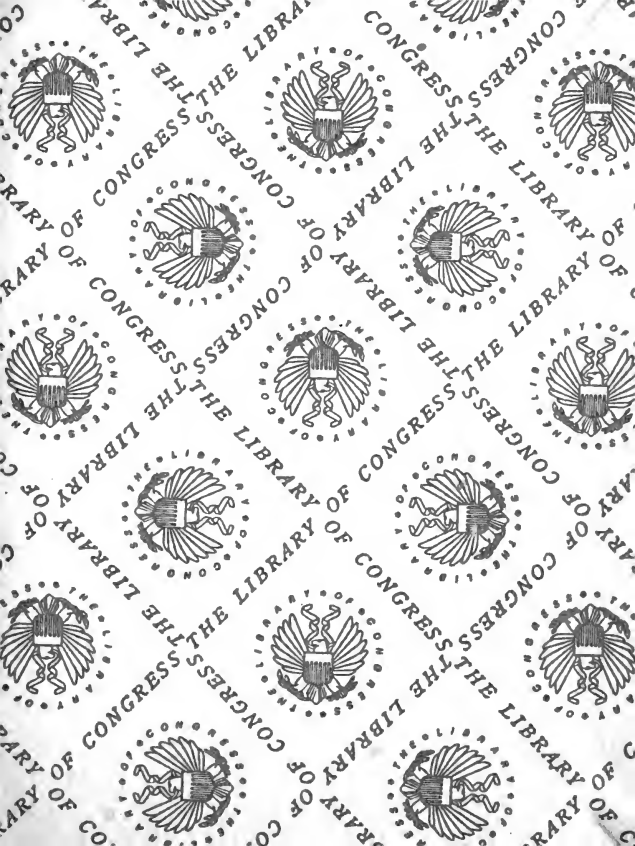


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"MY MOTHER'S GRAVE;

OR,

ONE BITTER RECOLLECTION

OF

Childish Ingratitude to My Sick Mother,"

AND

33 OTHER POEMS,

BY ✓

JOHN FRANCIS VANPELT NEIL.

CHARLESTON, W. VA:

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PREFACE.

As it is customary for an author to write a preface to his work, assigning his reason for publishing and the object of the book published, I will offer some prefatory thoughts concerning the publication of this little volume.

All who have read *The Unexpected Visitor*, (a Poetical Work published by me,) will remember that I gave as a reason for publishing that book, that I was fully convinced that God had given me poetical talent; and that he requires me to cultivate it.

That talent may never rank among the great poetical minds of ancient times, yet if I improve it, I shall accomplish more for the glory of God, than those endued with talent com-

petent to go "forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep, to survey the nations of the earth, to measure the distance of the stars, and call them by their names," provided they call God a *hard* Master, and bury their talents in the earth; because the brightest intellect unimproved, is like a flower "born to blush unseen," and the brightest thoughts unuttered, are good for nothing; they are like diamonds undiscovered.

Therefore, knowing my duty, and being assured that for all my actions here, God will bring me into judgment, I would heed the Divine injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest; and he that knoweth his Master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."

As regards the grammatical, the rhetorical, and the metrical construction of this work, "it may not receive the applause of the world for elegance of language, or beauty of imagination;" but I have endeavored to arrange the words, and punctuate the sentences, so as to convey fully the meaning intended.

As regards the metrical construction, I have

written the verses with reference to a certain number of syllables to the line ; thus :

8, 8 constituting Long Measure ;

8, 6, Common Measure, and

6, 6, 8, Short Measure.

As to rhyme, the verses may not all be perfect, but perfect rhyme does not *always* constitute real poetry. Hence, when words of similar sound conveying some meaning, can not be obtained, it is better to insert other words, regardless of rhyme, which express meaning and truth as well as poetry.

Having given this brief explanation, and one reason for publishing, I would also say that "it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope," that he will derive some pecuniary remuneration for his production ; but should I be so unfortunate as not to receive cost of publishing, I will have the consolation to know that I, *at least to some extent*, have done my duty. Respectfully submitted to the candid and impartial perusal of an intelligent people.

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MY MOTHER'S GRAVE;
or,

ONE BITTER RECOLLECTION OF CHILDISH INGRATI-
TITUDE TO MY SICK MOTHER.

Written from an Incident Related in McGuffey's Fourth
Reader.

See page 253 (Revised Edition).

- 1 "Many long years have passed away,
Since my kind mother ceased to speak;
But I shall ne'er forget the day,
When I last gazed on her pale cheek.
- 2 "Hence, my heart since those mournful hours,
Has been filled with the deepest gloom;
For all of Fancy's sweetest flowers,
Withered on that kind mother's tomb.

3 "My childish years have passed away,
And with them, all my youthful traits ;
I spend no more 'the live-long day,'
With my happy, thoughtless playmates.

4 "The world has altered greatly, too,
Filling my heart with many cares ;
Alas! I know not what to do,
For these seem more than I can bear.

5 "My troubles are daily renewed,
I seek no more youth's sweet pursuits ;
Sown the seed of Ingratitude,
I now reap its most bitter fruits.

6 "And when I stood with weeping eyes,
Viewing her grave (oh! solemn truth),
I could yet hardly realize
That I was that same thoughtless youth

7 "Who in the pleasant days of yore,
Had spent so many happy hours,
About my mother's parlor door,
Making fair wreaths of blushing flowers.

8 "And though for thirteen lonely years,
I had been a care-worn Exile,
Yet none could wipe away my tears,
Nor erase that kind mother's smile.

- 9 "It seems to me but yesterday,
Since I heard that most gentle voice
Which oft drove all my fears away,
And made my youthful heart rejoice.
- 10 "Her voice still ringeth in my ears,
Plainly as the church-going bell ;
I still behold her flowing tears,
And sadly hear her last farewell !
- 11 "The gay dreams of my infancy,
Are brought so distinctly to mind,
That it seems that it cannot be,
That I was ever so unkind.
- 12 "And if 'twere not for one sad thought,
My tears would bid my grief depart ;
But ah ! 'the worm that dieth not,'
Still lurketh in my care-worn heart.
- 13 "The circumstance, to tell it all,
May not seem worthy of one tear ;
But ah ! its mem'ry bitter as gall,
Pierces my heart as with a spear !
- 14 "And I relate it for the good
Of those who have a better lot,
That they may learn in their childhood,
To love their parents as they ought.

15 "My mother had been quite unwell
For many days, yea, even weeks;
But I, (though solemn truth to tell),
Was not frightened at her pale cheeks.

16 "'Tis true, I sorely grieved at first,
While her weak voice rang in my ears;
It seemed as if my heart would burst,
And that my eyes were founts of tears.

17 "But, finding her the same each day,
I ceased to weep so bitterly,
Thinking that she would live for aye,
And ever smile and comfort me.

18 "But, ah! they whispered in my ears,
That death would soon blight all my hopes
That I, ere long, with bitter tears,
Would gaze on my mother a corpse!

19 "One day when I had lost my place,
I came home discouraged and sad;
And with an angry, pouting face,
I went to my sick mother's bed!

20 "But she was then almost as pale
As if laid in death's cold embrace;
But still that same heart-cheering smile
Was playing on her care-worn face.

21 "Alas! when I am all alone,
And now think how I acted then,
My heart must have been hard as stone,
Or 'twould have been rent all in twain.

22 "For when so near the grave's dark brink,
She bade me go down stairs and bring
Her a glass of water to drink,
Fresh from the well, or flowing spring.

23 "But I said, 'Why do you not ask
One of the servants of low rank,'
As if it were a grievous task
To bring my sick mother a drink!

24 "But with a mild, reproachful look,
She said, 'Will not my daughter bring
Her poor, sick mother one more drink
Fresh from the well, or flowing spring?'"

25 "I went—but most reluctantly,
Unmoved by all her sighs and tears,
As if it were a burden for me
To bring a glass of water up stairs.

26 "I'll remember those words e'er more,
Nor forget that mild look for aye,
Which followed me to the stair door,
And haunts me even to this day!

27 " Why were my eyes not founts of tears,
And oh ! why did my heart not burst,
Since I went so slowly down stairs,
To bring water to quench her thirst ? !

28 " Instead of smiling as before,
Which always made her heart rejoice,
I hurried out at the stair door,
Regardless of her feeble voice !

29 " And in spite of all that she said,
I played awhile with *some* delight ;
And then went thoughtlessly to bed,
Not bidding her a kind good-night !

30 " But when amid the night's deep gloom
And silence, I remembered well
How I left my sick mother's room,
When she was so feeble and pale ;

31 " How her voice trembled when she said,
' Will not my daughter, once so frank,
Now bring me on my dying bed,
Another cool, refreshing drink ?'

32 " I could not for one moment sleep,
My heart was so o'erwhelmed with grief ;
So I did there in silence weep,
Yet all my tears gave no relief !

33 "I stole back to my mother's bed,
To ask forgiveness, but in vain;
For she was asleep, and they said,
I must not awaken her then!

34 "I did not tell to any one
What so disturbed my once calm rest;
But wept with grief before unknown,
Yet none could cheer my aching breast.

35 "I went to bed, resolved to rise
Early with blighted hopes renewed,
And tell her how sorry I was
For my childish ingratitude!

36 "When I awoke, the golden sun
Was shining all about my room;
But I knew not that that dear one
Was then straightened for the dark tomb!

37 "So I then hurried on my clothes,
And hastened to my mother's bed;
But with sorrow God only knows,
I found that she, alas! was dead!

38 "That mother spoke to me no more—
She never smiled on me again;
And when I entered her room door,
It seemed my heart would rend in twain!

39 "And when I touched with aching heart,
The hand that had oft brought relief,
It was so cold it made me start,
Filling my cup of bitter grief!

40 "I then bowed down with many sighs,
My whole heart filled with deepest gloom;
I then wished that I, too, might die,
And lie with her in the same tomb!

41 "And even to this very day,
I would give worlds, their wealth include,
If I could hear my mother say
She forgave my ingratitude!

42 "But I can never call her back
From the cold, silent earth beneath;
Hence my tears shall not wholly slack,
Till I cross the dark river Death!

43 "And when beside her lifeless clay,
And of her loving kindness think,
It seems I still can hear her say
'Ah! will you not bring me a drink?!

44 "The mem'ry of that last mild look,
Bites like a deadly serpent king;
And the last loving words she spoke,
Sting like venomous adders sting!

CONCLUSION :

45 "Children, would you not shed such tears
As fell on that kind mother's tomb?
Bring not your parents' silver hairs
With grief to their eternal home!"

A FATHER'S LAMENTATION AND CONSOLATION—
AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

1 "God, in His wisdom, has removed
Earth's brightest jewel from my crown,
Only that it may shine above,
Resplendently around His throne.

2 "Gone to the realms of perfect bliss,
I know thou canst not come to me,
As thou art now 'where Jesus is,'
But I, ere long, can go to thee.

3 "Earth must now be a cheerless place,
Lo! all her sweetest charms have fled,
Leaving such sorrow in my heart,
E'en life is a burden indeed.

4 "Could I but see thy face once more,
Or hear thee in thy innocent glee,
Playing near my now lonely door,
Earth would give back her charms to me.

5 "Near yonder weeping willow tree,
How calm is now thy last repose—
Asleep in Jesus, oh! how sweet,
Victorious o'er the last of foes.

6 "Enrobed in garments, clean and white,
Redeemed through Jesus' precious blood,
Thy soul now rests both day and night,
In the fair paradise of God.

7 "So then, not dead, but gone to wear
A shining crown in Heaven above—
No more to need a father's care,
Neither a mother's tender love.

8 "May this all cheering thought constrain
Our hearts to say, 'Thy will be done;'
For we shall shortly meet again,
And parting shall no more be known.

A MOTHER'S LAMENTATION. 8, 8.

1 "Alas! how empty earth appears,
How dark is the whole vacant space;
And oh! how bitter are the tears
That trickle down my care-worn face.

2 "How cheerless are the fairest flowers—
All their sweetness seems to have fled;

How sad and lonely are my hours,
Yea, life is a burden indeed!

3 "E'en the bird that most sweetly sings,
Affords no music for my ear;
For my heart bleeds from sorrow's stings,
And no soul-healing balm is near!

4 "The stars that once so brightly shone,
Now seem all wrapped in deepest gloom,
While I mournfully sit alone
Beside a dark and silent tomb!

5 "The golden Sun, even at noon,
Shines dimly on the earth beneath;
And the rays of the silver moon,
Are pale as the shadows of death!

6 "For he who oft has calmed my fears,
And bidden storms of sorrow cease,
Has left this gloomy vale of tears,
To reign with the great King of Peace.

7 "And three of my dear children, too,
Have gone to that world, bright and fair;
Then, what—alas! what shall I do,
For this seems more than I can bear?!

8 "But then, I do not weep as those
Who have not chosen 'that good part;'

Yet none but a kind mother knows
The feelings of my aching heart.

9 "For death has laid his icy arms
On one who was so near and dear,
That this great world, with all its charms,
Can not remove one bitter tear!

10 "Yea, my sorrow is now so deep,
That all my tears give no relief;
So then, I must most sadly weep,
Till God shall take away my grief.

11 "Therefore, ye unlocked wheels of time,
Roll on, oh! roll most swiftly on,
And bear me to that sunny clime,
Where sorrow shall no more be known!

12 "Farewell! but it is hard to say,
Though thou hast gone to thy reward;
And He that gave, hath tak'n away,
So praised be the name of the Lord."

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD THAT TAKETH AWAY
THE SIN OF THE WORLD."

AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

1 Behold the precious Lamb of God
Expiring on the shameful tree;

How willingly He sheds His blood
On that all rugged cross for me.

2 Lo ! darkness fills the earth beneath,
Devils exclaim, "Thou Holy One ;"
The great rocks rend, the ear of death
Hearkens to Jesus, dying groans !

3 Exposed between two noted thieves,
Laughed at while weeping tears of blood ;
Ah ! hear Him cry in all His grief,
"My God, my God, my God, my God !"

4 Behold how wondrously He weeps
O'er those who mock His dying groan ;
Father, why does thy vengeance sleep—
Great God, dost Thou not hear Thy Son ?

5 Oh ! yes ; but if Thou heed His groan,
Death will then reign o'er hill and vale ;
The whole known world, from Zone to Zone,
Hover around a gaping hell !

6 Alas ! He thirsts, and some then start
To answer scornfully His call,
Taking as a balm for His heart,
Aloes all mixed with bitter gall !

7 King of all kings, and Lord of lords,
Ent'ring death's cold and gloomy vale,

To make Thy Father's changeless words
Honor'ble and save man from hell.

8 All bruised, He cries in solemn tone,
"Why dost Thou not regard my cries?
All Thou demandest I have done,
Yea, made myself a sacrifice!"

9 Then rends the mighty temple's vail—
Hark! the Sun hides his brilliant face;
Even the very damned in hell,
Shudder at such amazing grace!

10 Infinite justice dipped in blood—
Ne'er did such mercy interpose;
Oh! hear the weeping Son of God.
"Father, forgive my vilest foes!"

11 Then, dying, He loudly exclaims,
"Heaven's justice is satisfied;
Eternal life, in crimson streams,
Wells freely from my bleeding side!"

12 Oh! roll, ye healing waters, roll,
Rushing from the dear Son of God;
Let ev'ry sin sick, dying soul
Drink from that all life giving flood!

“BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK,
ETC.”

FIRST PART. AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

1 Behold, Jesus stands at the door,
Exclaiming, “Let me cleanse thy sin;”
He’s knocking now—has knocked before,
Oh! let the Lamb of God come in.

2 Lo! mercy far beyond degree,
Dripping with His own precious blood,
Is stretching forth her arms to thee,
Showing the wondrous love of God.

3 Thrust ev’ry idol from thy breast,
Admit a friend unknown before;
Never did so worthy a guest
Demand admittance at thy door.

4 Ah! dost thou ask, “Why entertain
This One” to thee before unknown?
Turn thou to that all lonely plain—
Hear there His all heart-rending groan.

5 Erasing thy enormous debt,
Denied relief by ev’ry one;
Oh! view the drops of bloody sweat
Oozing from God’s all lovely Son!

6 "Remove this cup," He cries three times—
Alas! will God regard His cries?

No; if no others, thy own crimes
Demand that he should bleed and die.

7 King of all kings, and Lord of lords,
Nearing the cross of rugged wood;
Oh! view His foes with naked swords,
Come clam'ring for His precious blood!

8 "Kneel Thou to us, and prophesy,"
Cried all those thirsting for his blood;
"Fulfill Thy mission from on high,
Ah! Thou pretended Son of God!

9 "Now, for a scepter, take this reed,"
They all cried out in scornful tone;
"Let thorns crown the Deceiver's head,
And let the great cross be His throne!"

10 By all His tears, and scoffs, and scorns,
He ever knocks at thy heart's door;
Then, oh! think of the piercing thorns,
And grieve His dying love no more.

11 With bleeding hands, He gently knocks,
And bids thee let Him enter in;
Wilt thou be harder than the rocks
Which His great sufferings rent in twain?

12 See His foot-prints in His own blood,
E'en all about thy sin-locked door;
Oh! admit now the Son of God,
Lest He should kindly knock no more!

I HEAR THE VOICE OF THE SON OF GOD, AND I
WILL OPEN THE DOOR.

SECOND PART.

8, 8.

1 I hear the weeping Son of God,
"Father, why hast Thou frowned on me?
Alas! is my own precious blood
No more than filthy rags to Thee?

2 "Yea, seest Thou not Thy Holy One
Making himself a sacrifice?
Ah! view once more Thy only Son
Nailed to the cross to bleed and die!

3 "Hearest Thou not my dying groans
Echoing from the earth beneath?
Ah! seest Thou not the hardest stones
Rending at my most shameful death?

4 "My voice will shortly cease to call
You who cry, 'On us be His blood;'
Vainly you'll cry, 'Ye mountains, fall
On us who pierced the Son of God.'

5 "I oft have called you as a dove
Calleth to her her helpless brood ;
Entreated you by dying love,
And yet you clamor for my blood !"

6 Nature in darkness veils her face,
Death retreats with his banner furled ;
Oh ! was e'er such amazing grace
Proffered to save a ruined world ?

7 Enthroned as the great King of kings,
No more to bleed at every pore ;
Though He once felt death's piercing stings,
He lives as God for ever more !

8 Enrobed no more in scarlet red,
Death laughs no more to see Him weep
O'er those for whom He groaned and bled
On Calv'ry's cold, and rugged steep.

9 "Reject no more my living words,
I am alive for ever more ;
Written in characters of blood,
I now stand knocking at the door !"

I WILL SUP WITH THE SON OF GOD TO-DAY.

THIRD PART.

8, 8.

1 Lord, I would hearken now to Thee,
Lest Thou should kindly knock no more ;

Come thou to-day and sup with me,
Or death for aye may close the door !

2 My crimes are as the grains of sand,
Even as the sand of the sea ;
I would bring in my sinful hand,
Naught but that Thou hast died for me.

3 Thou Son of God, Thou Prince of Grace,
O ! Thou who art now so benign,
How canst Thou make Thy dwelling place
In such a sinful heart as mine ? !

4 My sins is all I offer Thee,
And they are of the darkest caste ;
Now Thou wilt come, and sup with me,
Denied so long to be my guest !

5 Why then should any hunger still,
Infinite Goodness spreads the feast ?
Lo ! He cries, " Whosoever will,
Let him come now a welcome guest !

6 " Stay not in all the barren plain,
Until this feast is spread no more—
Press to the fields of living green,
While I stand knocking at the door ! "

7 Invited by the Son of God,
To eat, and never hunger more,

He cries in words written in blood,
"How canst Thou drive me from the door?"

8 "Infinite Goodness dipped in blood,
Mercy and Grace beyond degree!
All these with all the love of God,
Now bid thee hearken unto me.

9 "Death heard my all heart-rending groans,
Hell trembled to the very base;
Even the very hardest stones
Were rent at such amazing grace!

10 "If death could hear, and hell could move,
The mighty temple rend in twain,
How canst thou still reject my love—
Must I still plead with thee in vain?!"

11 Eternal life He offers thee,
Purchased with his own precious blood;
Then, oh! wilt thou not come to-day,
And sup with the dear Son of God?

"COME, SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY."

AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

1 Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
On whom thy hopes of Heaven depend;

Make Him thy dearest friend to-day,
Ere He refuse to be thy friend !

2 See Him all bruised and stained with blood,
Entombed in a new tomb of stone ;
Enter thou near the son of God
That trod the great wine-press alone !

3 Hold up the bloody winding sheet,
Enveloping thy only hopes ;
Pull back the napkin, view His face—
Look on the Son of God a corpse !

4 Ah ! ask thyself, "Why liest Thou here,
Calm as if in a breathing sleep?"
Engrave a bloody picture there,
Which would almost cause saints to weep !

5 Hang that picture against the wall,
Enclose it well by faith in God ;
Remember that the Lord of all,
Engraved His love in lines of blood !

6 Turn now from that all bloody scene,
Hear the kind words, "I will forgive ;"
Escape—"Stay not in all the plain,"
Look to the Son of God, and live.

7 Oh ! how that Sun, once set in blood,
Rose up "with healing in His wings ;"

Died as a man, rose as a God,
Living forever King of kings.

8 All foes shall sink beneath His feet,
Yea, death's dark banner shall be furled;
He is the only Potentate,
And dreadful Judge of all the world!

DEATH REPRESENTED AS AN IMPARTIAL, UN-
MERCIFUL, UNIVERSAL KING.

8, 8.

1 O! death, thou dread, impartial king
That regardest not beauty's charms;
Who does not dread thy piercing sting,
And shrink beneath thy icy arms?

2 The beasts and the fowls of the air,
Would gladly fly away from thee;
And thou the great king of Despair,
Art dreaded in the rolling sea!

3 E'en he who has so bravely fought
With bleeding limbs and languid breath,
Trembles e'en at the piercing thought
Of thy dreadful approach, O! death!

4 Even the scoffing Infidel
Trembles beneath thy piercing dart;
Yea, none except the lost in hell,
Can meet thee with a joyful heart!

5 Yea, He by whom all things were made,
So dreaded to encounter thee,
That He most beseechingly prayed,
“Father, remove this cup from me!”

6 But thou didst not regard the prayers,
Offered by the dear Son of God ;
But thou whilst laughing at His tears,
Didst smite Him with an iron rod !

7 Thou laughest at honor and fame,
Neither canst thou be bribed with gold ;
Thou killest the poor, blind and lame,
And the young as well as the old !

8 Thou dost not regard sex nor size,
Hence, thou hast unlimited rule ;
And thou who fav’rest not the wise,
Showest no mercy to the fool !

9 The coward as well as the brave,
Must also soon encounter thee ;
But thou wilt crush him to the grave,
And proudly exclaim, “ Victory.”

10 The care-worn father’s silver hairs
Can not stay thy most piercing dart ;
Nor can the mother’s bitter tears
Melt to pity thy iron heart !

11 Thou sitest upon thy dark throne,
The grim monster of land and sea;
Even the babe's heart-rending groans
Are sneeringly laughed at by thee!

12 Hence, nothing mortal can withstand
Thy great and undisputed power;
And thy all cold, relentless hand
Grasps many mortals ev'ry hour!

13 But then thou wouldst most surely be
Welcome where those damned spirits dwell;
Yea, there would be a jubilee,
If thou couldst only enter hell!

14 But thou canst never enter there,
For Jesus Christ now holds the keys;
So, thou the great king of Despair,
Canst only rule earth, air and seas.

15 And thou shalt not forever reign,
Thou great foe of peasant and king;
For He who once was bruised and slain,
Will take from thee thy piercing sting.

16 He once conquered thee all alone,
And rose triumphant from the grave;
Then ascended "the great, white throne,"
Strong to rescue, mighty to save!"

GO, PREACH THE LORD OF GLORY.

7, 6.

- 1 Go, preach the Lord of glory
To earth's remotest clime,
Till all shall hear the story
Of His dear cross sublime.
- 2 Tell them of Calv'ry's mountain,
On which He groaned and died;
And of the healing fountain
That gushed forth from His side.
- 3 For time is swiftly flying,
The harvest fields are white;
And precious souls are dying
For want of gospel light!
- 4 Take ye the Spirit's saber,
And faith's victorious shield;
For there are few that labor
In this great harvest field.
- 5 Unfold "the blood stained banner,"
Even from Zone to Zone,
That all may see "what manner
Of love" the Lord has shown.
- 6 Because, without a preacher,
How shall the news be heard,

That Christ saves ev'ry creature
That trusts His sacred word ?

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

1 "Be honest, O ! thou blooming youth,
Ever aspire to acts divine—
Never forget this sacred truth :
Judgement-will be laid to the line.

2 "Abstain from vain and idle words,
Make godliness thy greatest care ;
In all thou dost, honor the Lord—
Never forsake the house of prayer.

3 "Hearken not to the Tempter's call,
Always cleave to that which is good ;
Remember that the Lord of all
Redeemed thee with His precious blood !

4 "In ev'ry act as well as word,
Stand by the 'Golden Rule' alone ;
On this, hangs all the law of God—
Not words, but deeds shall win the crown."

I HAVE A CROWN.

7, 6.

- 1 I have a crown of glory,
In that bright world above,
Where I shall sing the story
Of Jesus' dying love.
- 2 And there shall no temptation,
My happy soul annoy;
But songs of free salvation,
Shall be my sweet employ.
- 3 There shall be no to-morrow,
But one eternal day;
And sickness, pain and sorrow,
Shall then have passed away.
- 4 And ghastly death shall never
Confine me in the tomb;
But I shall live forever,
Where fadeless flowers bloom.
- 5 And I no more shall sever
From loved ones gone before;
But live with them forever,
Where tears shall be no more.

“JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY,
AND FOREVER.”

AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

- 1 When tossed on life's all rugged sea,
When dark clouds veil my moral sky;
When dearest friends would frown on me,
To whom can I for refuge fly?
- 2 Jesus the star that ne'er grows dark,
E'en though all others cease to shine;
Safe guide for my storm-beaten bark,
Unchangeable, and all divine.
- 3 Strong to rescue, mighty to save,
Compassionate beyond degree,
He stands beside the rolling wave,
Ready to smile, and comfort me.
- 4 In Him does all the God-head dwell,
Sovereign of Heaven, earth and sea;
The everlasting gates of hell
Tremble at His great majesty!
- 5 He changes not for wealth or fame,
E'en for the gold of millionaires,
Sweet thought, He is ever the same,
And hearkens even to *my* prayers.

- 6 Man may for sake of gain, betray
Even the friend he long has known ;
Yea, he may most shamefully slay
Even his once all loving son !
- 7 So, we see fathers may deny,
That even long tried friends betray,
Except the Lord of earth and sky,
Remains unchanged from day to day.
- 8 Darkness shall veil the golden Sun,
All nature shall be wrapped in flames ;
Yet, Jesus, God's Anointed One,
To-day and forever the same.
- 9 On Him then, I'll depend e'er more,
Deliverer from ev'ry snare ;
All others fail at death's dark door,
Yet Jesus will be with me there.
- 10 And when I shall have crossed the flood,
Numbered with all the blood washed throng,
Delightful thought, the love of God,
Forevermore shall be my song.
- 11 O ! death, where then will be thy sting,
Redeemed from all thy frightful power ;
Enthroned forever priest and King,
Victorious forever more ? !

12 Eternal life, and all it means,
Redeemed from all the woes of time,
To walk on Heaven's golden plains,
In that beautiful sun bright clime!

LIFE REPRESENTED AS THE FAIR QUEEN OF
EARTH, AIR AND SEA. 8, 8.

1 O! Life, thou dearest of the dear,
From whom no one would gladly part;
Thou fair queen of this mortal sphere,
And chief concern of ev'ry heart.

2 The beasts, and the fowls of the air
Do most earnestly cling to thee;
And thou who art man's greatest care,
Art welcome in the rolling sea.

3 The bees that toil from flower to flower,
Bearing "the burden and the heat,"
Cry out in the most trying hour,
"O! life, thou yielddest many sweets."

4 Yea, even ev'ry living thing
Nourishes and cherishes thee;
In summer, fall, winter and spring,
Thou art the queen of land and sea.

5 Though Poverty with all her woes,
May lurk about man's lonely door,

Yet he greets not the king of foes,
But still craves life, if nothing more.

6 Though he may rule the great and small,
And have all else that heart can crave,
Yet he would gladly give it all,
Could that but save him from the grave!

7 Although no sound from earth or skies,
Should ever more attract his ear;
Yea, e'en pluck out his precious eyes,
And life to him will still be dear!

8 Although the most loathsome disease
May daily poison his life blood;
Yea, fanned by no health-giving breeze,
He would not cross the chilly flood.

9 Although he may be all care-worn,
Yet life is still his chief concern;
Nor would he be borne to that bourn,
Whence no one shall ever return!

10 Although he may have grown so old,
That death must needs soon end "the strife;"
Yet as the miser grasps his gold,
He holds the brittle thread of life!

11 O! life, if thou art here so sweet,
What wilt thou be beyond the tomb,

Where many blood-washed saints shall meet
Amid fair flowers of fadeless bloom?

12 Ah! then, why does man toil so hard
To save this life of but few years,
And to the next, pay no regard,
But wade to hell through blood and tears?

13 Simply because the carnal mind
Is ever "enmity with God ;"
Hence, this why he is inclined
To follow after flesh and blood.

MY OWN PRAYER.

AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

1 Jesus, Thou mighty King of kings,
O, save me by Thy precious blood ;
Hide me beneath Thy snowy wings,
Number me with the saints of God.

2 For I am naked, poor and blind,
Repentance is my only plea ;
Ah ! Thou who died for all mankind,
Never let me depart from Thee.

3 Clothe me in raiment, clean and white,
I ask those riches from above :
Self denial, faith, moral sight,
Virtue, meekness, and unfeigned love.

4 Arm me well with the Spirit's sword,
Nor let me from "the faith" depart;
Perfected by Thy precious word,
Engrave Thy image on my heart.

5 Lead me across death's surging flood,
To my long sought, eternal home;
Nor let me sink, but through Thy blood,
Escape the dreadful wrath to come!

6 I will then cease that doleful song,
"Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;"
But sing with all the blood-washed throng,
"I once was lost, now I'm found."

"RESTORE UNTO ME THE JOY OF THY FREE SAL-
VATION."
8, 6.

1 Great God, by Thy free Spirit's power,
My drooping soul revive;
And even from this very hour,
O! make me all alive.

2 O! quicken my once ransomed heart,
By power from above;
For Jesus' sake, to me impart
My first and warmest love.

3 For my peace could not be expressed,
When I was wholly Thine;

For ev'ry sorrow in my breast,
Was soothed by grace divine.

4 Then it was all my meat and drink
To do Thy holy will ;
And yet, oh ! how I love to think
Of those sweet moments still.

5 But now, where are those peaceful hours
Which I so much enjoyed,
When even all my ransomed powers
Were in Thy praise employed ?

6 So then, those peaceful hours restore,
And bid me cease to pine ;
And oh ! make me for ever more,
Both soul and body Thine !

SHALL I EVER FORGET JESUS? 6, 6, 8.

1 Oh ! shall I ever be
Forgetful of that Friend
Whose suff'rings on the cross for me,
Caused solid rocks to rend ?

2 Shall I ever forget
The day He ceased to speak,
When tears of grief and bloody sweat
Streamed down His sacred cheek ?

3 Shall I forget the words,
"My God, my God, my God,"
When his foes armed with naked swords,
Were clam'ring for His blood?

4 Shall I forget the groans
That rent the earth beneath;
Yea, even burst the hardest stones,
And broke the bars of death?

5 No; let my tongue be dumb,
My right arm cease to move,
If I for e'en all time to come,
Forget His dying love!

6 And let me cease to hear
One sound from earth, or skies,
If I forget the dying prayer
Of my great Sacrifice!

7 Yea, let deep darkness fill
The earth as with a flood,
If I do not remember still
The weeping Son of God!

THE PRAYER OF THE DYING THIEF.

8, 8.

1 "Lord Jesus, Thou 'the Great I Am,'
Thou great Physician of the soul,

O! now apply the healing Balm,
And make my wounded spirit whole!

2 "The Summer must needs shortly end;
Then, oh! how urgent is my case;
Yea, all my future joys depend
Even upon a moment's space!

3 "Therefore, Thou precious Lamb of God,
Quickly remove my guilty stains;
For even now my vile heart's blood
Is streaming from my sinful veins!

4 "My crimes are as the grains of sand,
And darker than the darkest night;
But canst Thou not, by one command,
Wash my dark robe, and make it white?

5 "Yea, of all sinners, I am chief,
Yet, can not Thy most precious blood
Save even a poor, dying thief
From the fierce, unmixed wrath of God?

6 "Since Thou didst calm the raging sea,
And bid the mighty winds be still,
Oh! canst Thou not save even me
From the doleful regions of hell?

7 "Since Thou didst ease the aching head,
And quickly make the wounded whole;

Yea, even raise the ghastly dead,
Canst Thou not save my precious soul?

8 "Oh! yes; Thou art mighty to save,
In Thee does all the God-head dwell;
Yea, Thou canst burst the cold, dark grave,
And shut the very gates of hell?

9 "Yes, I will wash thy sins away
Without money, and without price;
And even thou this very day,
Shalt be with me in Paradise!"

10 Oh! what free, condescending love—
Well might rend the great temple's vail;
Well might the fair heavens above
Grow dark as the chambers of hell!

11 Well might the great earth quake beneath,
And well might rend the hardest stones;
Yea, well might the "cold ear of death"
Hearken to Jesus' dying groans!

12 But let not this most wondrous case
So flatter any precious soul,
As to trifle with God's free grace,
Till death's cold waves begin to roll!

13 For "now is the accepted time,"
And all the world to-day may gain

A home in that fair, sunny clime,
Free from all trouble, grief, and pain!

14 Although, one when near death's embrace,
Was saved through Jesus' precious blood,
It only proves that sovereign grace
Can make the vilest heirs of God.

15 For had Christ not inclined His ear,
Though death's cold sweat streamed down
His face,
Some would have good reason to fear
That they surpass the power of grace!

16 So then, let no poor sinner doubt
Christ's willingness and power to save,
Since He would not cast that one out,
Who was so vile, and near the grave!

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY'S LAMENTATION AND
CONSOLATION--AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

1 "Deep darkness fills this verdant earth,
And all above is dark as night;
Verily, what is my life worth,
If I no more shall gain my sight?!

2 "Dreary must be my sojourn here,
Groping in gloom my way to find;

Earth has no sweet charms for my ear—
Oh ! pity ye, pity the blind !

3 “Roll on, ye unlocked wheels of time,
Grave, in deep darkness, hide thou me ;
Escort me to that sunny clime,
And then these blinded eyes shall see !

4 “Life, thou hast lost thy sweetest charms,
Death, thou art now a welcome guest ;
Enclose my body in thy arms,
Remove my soul to endless rest !

5 Saviour, more than this life to me,
O ! wash me in Thy precious blood ;
Never let me depart from Thee—
Number me with the saints of God !

6 “Enrobed in garments, clean and white,
I'll sing no more with aching heart,
'Lo ! all above is dark as night,'
For I shall see Thee as Thou art.

7 “Farewell ! father and mother dear,
But oh ! weep not when I am gone ;
On my cold grave, shed not a tear,
Because you must all follow soon.

8 “Farewell ! brothers and sisters all,
To each other, ever be kind ;

Be ready at the Saviour's call,
To meet the little boy that's blind !

9 " Plant not a weeping willow tree
To mark my cold and silent tomb ;
But let my grave forever be
Covered with flowers of fairest bloom.

10 " Grim death, thy pangs shall soon be o'er,
Thou dreaded foe of all mankind ;
I'm going home to die no more,
And I shall never more be blind.

THE ALPHABETICAL CROSS.

8, 8.

1 Alas ! was Jesus as a lamb,
Bruised, torn, and slain upon the tree ?
Can it be that " The Great I Am "
Died on the shameful cross for me ?

2 Exposed between two noted thieves,
Forsaken by e'en ev'ry one ;
" Great God," He cries in all His grief,
" How canst Thou now forsake Thy Son ?"

3 " I have now met the law's demands,
Justice is fully satisfied ;
Kind Father, view my bleeding hands—
Look Thou now at my gushing side !

- 4 "My God, is this great sacrifice
No more than filthy rags to Thee ?
O! now that fallen man may rise,
Pour Thy most dreadful wrath on me!"
- 5 Quake, O! thou earth to thy great base—
Rend thou in twain, thou hardest stone ;
Sun, veil thou now thy brilliant face,
Turn into blood, thou pale faced moon !
- 6 Unloosed are Satan's strongest cords,
Virtue has triumphed over Vice ;
Written in characters of blood,
"Xcelled by the Lord Jesus Christ."
- 7 Yea, Death himself is bound in chains ;
Zion's King sways the Victor's sword ;
In all His majesty He reigns,
King of all kings, and Lord of lords !

THE DREADFUL CONSEQUENCE OF DRUNKENNESS.

8, 8.

- 1 "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink
Is raging," and man's deadly foe ;
For it sends crowds to ruin's brink,
And many to eternal woe !
- 2 It seems at first to be a friend,
But it is a foe in disguise ;

For it makes many kind hearts rend,
And causes many weeping eyes.

3 How many fathers' silver hairs
Go with grief to the land of gloom ?
How many mothers' bitter tears
Fall on a son's untimely tomb ?

4 How many kind sisters refuse
To cease their watching at the doors,
Till comes this most heart-rendering news :
Your brother bleeds at many pores ?

5 How many wives look at twilight
For their husbands who go abroad ?
But alas ! they come at mid-night,
All bruised, and stained with their own
blood !

6 And many never, never come,
But still the deadly poison crave ;
And oft away from friends and home,
They go down to a drunkard's grave !

7 I heard of one who liked to sup
Whisky which so brightened his hopes ;
But soon that most enticing cup
Made him a mangled, bleeding corpse !

8 Now, his sad death was on this wise :

He went one day from his abode ;
And ruled by that foe in disguise,
He soon lay down on the railroad !

9 As whisky had stolen his brain,

He had no fears of hell beneath ;
So he lay still till the great train
Most shamefully crushed him to death !

10 Yea, it so bruised that bloated sot,

Strewing his flesh about the place,
That his dear comrades knew him not
By looking at his mangled face !

11 Alas ! how sad it must have been

To see him all covered with blood,
And know that he, in all his sins,
Must meet the great heart searching God !

12 Oh ! wretched consequence in deed !

Yet many crave that poison still,
Which in this world, causes great need,
Then buries the soul deep in hell !

13 Now, may this solemn story sink

Deep into ev'ry husband's breast,
That all may abstain from strong drink,
And make their wives and children blest.

14 Young man, shun that foe in disguise,
Which likes to gain the world's applause;
For it causes redness of eyes,
And bleeding "wounds without a cause!"

15 Bring not thy father's silver hairs
With sorrow to his final rest;
Wipe thou away thy mother's tears,
And cheer thy sister's aching breast!

TRUE GREATNESS. AN ACROSTIC.

8, 8.

1 "What is true greatness I would ask?
Is beauty one component part?
Can fame and high honor surpass
The actions of a moral heart?"

2 "Can those excel 'the Golden Rule,'
Who read even the starry skies?
Has the Lord not chosen the fool
To put to naught the would be wise?"

3 "Was he who conquered land and sea,
Great in the true sense of the word?
Would not one act of charity
Have weighed more in the sight of God?"

4 "Yes; he who does the will of God,
Is greater e'en by far than he

Who proudly wades through human blood,
And wins earth's greatest victory.

5 "Can gold and silver compensate
For even one immoral deed?
Was not the Greatest of the Great
Denied a place to lay His head?

6 "Greatness consists in moral traits,
Regardless of riches untold,
Or the highest honor of states—
Virtue weighs more than worlds of gold.

7 "Earth's brightest jewels cannot shine
Resplendently as moral deeds—
Can never make man's thoughts divine,
Let them come from the wisest heads.

8 "Eternal Wisdom, give to me
Virtue, meekness, and unfeigned love;
Engage my heart with praise to Thee,
Let me be harmless as a dove.

9 "As the world's destiny relies
Not on my arm, but Thy great might,
Direct me then, O! Thou All Wise,
To guide this great nation aright.

10 "Young man, aspire to acts divine,
If thou wouldst true greatness display;

Ever hew to the moral line,
And let the chips fall where they may."

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

8, 8.

- 1 I see the great Arch Angel stand
On the deep sea, and on the shore;
Swearing with an up-lifted hand,
That time, alas! shall be no more.
- 2 Then, looking towards the dark, blue sky,
I see the Son of God appear;
The thunder, His great battle cry,
And the lightning, His two edged spear!
- 3 He cries, "Receive your speech, ye dumb,
Ye mighty seas, become dry land;
For the great day of wrath is come,
And who shall be able to stand?!"
- 4 Wielding the sharpest two edged sword,
He burst the very graves beneath;
And 'neath the banner stained with blood,
He conquers the grim monster Death!
- 5 The silver moon, the night's fair queen,
Shall suddenly be turned to blood;
The very heavens, rend in twain,
Because of the great wrath of God!

- 6 The golden sun, the day's great king,
Shall then grow dark as death's dark vale,
When Jesus' dreadful voice shall ring
All through the very depths of hell!
- 7 The heavens shall melt from pole to pole,
The earth shall burn as straw, or grass;
Then, oh! where shall the guilty soul
Fly to obtain a hiding place?
- 8 For should it fly with lightning speed,
'Twould all still be without avail;
For God's fierce wrath must be its bed,
Deep in the very gloom of hell!

VAIN MAN, STOP AND THINK.

8, 6.

- 1 Vain man, ere thou shalt further go,
Stop and think, stop and think;
While streams of mercy freely flow,
Stop and think, stop and think.
- 2 Jesus now knocks at thy heart's door,
And He has often knocked before;
But oh! lest He should knock no more,
Stop and think, stop and think!
- 3 For there is but one fleeting breath,
Stop and think, stop and think,

Between thee and the gates of death,
Stop and think, stop and think!

4 And life at most, is but a dream,
So thou must soon cross death's cold stream;
Then there will be none to redeem,
Stop and think, stop and think!

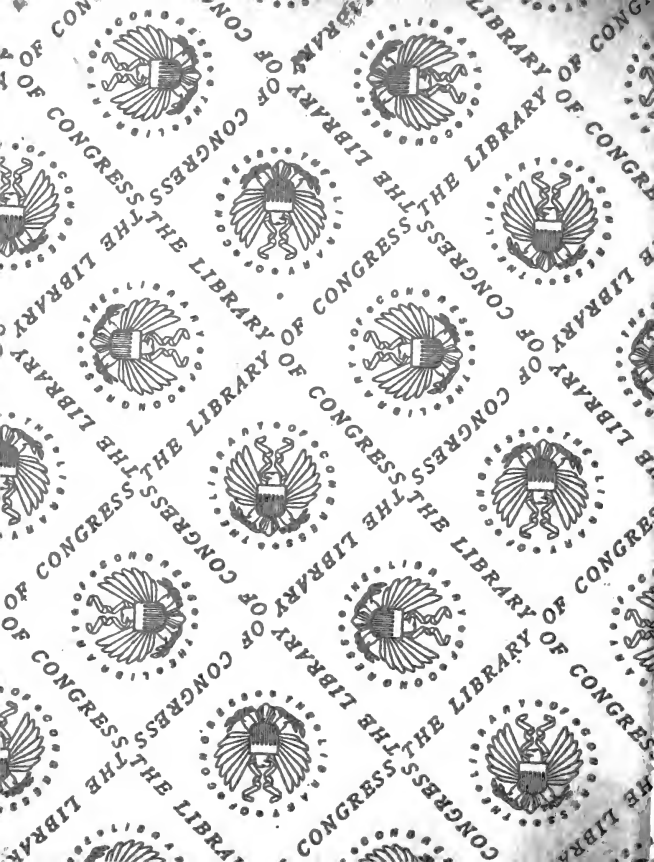
5 To God's fierce wrath thou art exposed,
Stop and think, stop and think;
And mercy's door will soon be closed,
Stop and think, stop and think.

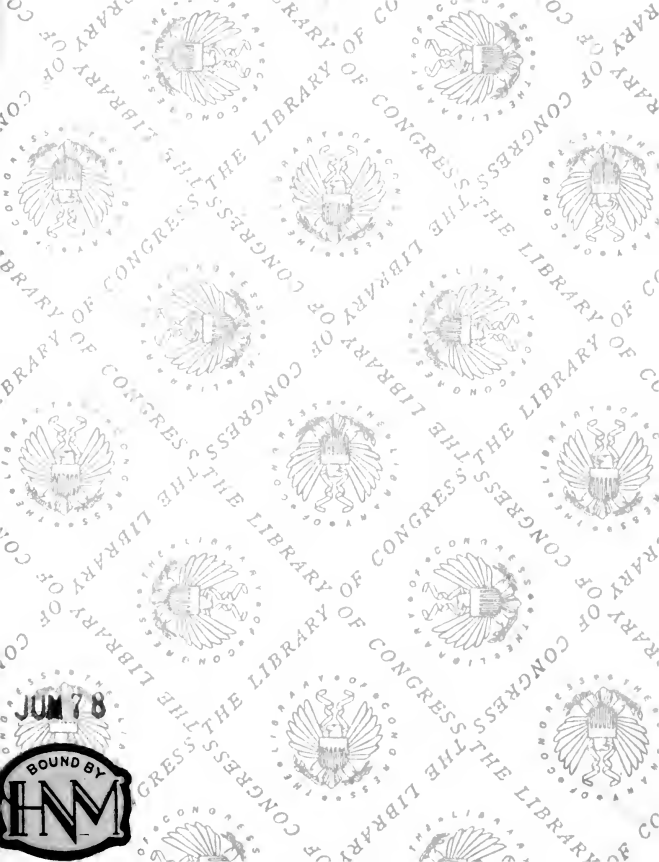
6 For God will not always invite,
If thou dost His free mercy slight;
Then, ere the Spirit takes his flight,
Stop and think, stop and think!

7 Or thou must sink to rise no more,
Stop and think, stop and think,
While Christ still knocks at thy heart's door,
Stop and think, stop and think.

8 Alas! thy suff'rings none can tell,
If thou shalt with damned spirits dwell,
Bathed in the surging flames of hell—
Too late, too late to think!







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